

The Bridal Wine-Cup. A THRILLING SKETCH.

BY M. A. DENNISON.

"Pledge with wine—pledge with wine," cried the young and thoughtless Harvey Wood. "Pledge with wine," ran through the brilliant crowd.

The beautiful bride grew pale—the decisive hour had come. She pressed her white hands together, and the leaves of her bridal wreath trembled on her pure brow; her breath came quicker, and her heart beat wilder.

"Yes, Marion, lay aside your scruples for this once," said the Judge, in a low tone, going toward his daughter, "the company expect it. Do not so infringe upon the rules of etiquette; in your own home act as you please, but in mine, for once please me."

Every eye was turned toward the bridal pair. Marion's principles were well known. Henry had been a convivialist; but of late his friends noticed a change in his manners—a difference in his habits—and to-night they watched him to see, as they sneeringly said, if he was tied down to a woman's opinion so soon.

Pouring out a brimmer beaker, they held it with tempting smiles toward Marion. She was very pale, though more composed, and her hand shook not, as smiling back, she gracefully accepted the crystal tempter and raised it to her lips. But scarcely had she done so, when every hand was arrested by the piercing exclamation of, "O! terrible."

"What is it?" cried one and all, thronging together; for she had slowly carried the glass to her arms length, and fixedly regarded it, as though it were some hideous object.

"Wait," she answered, while an inspired light shone from her dark eyes, "wait and I will tell you. I see," she added, slowly, pointing one jeweled finger at the sparkling liquid, "a sight that beggars all description, and yet listen—I will paint it for you if I can. It is a lonely spot, tall mountains, crowned with verdure, rise in awful sublimity around! rivers run through and bright flowers grow to the water's edge. There is a thick, warm mist, that the sun seeks vainly to pierce. Trees, lofty and beautiful, wave to the airy motion of the birds; but there a group of Indians gather; they sit to and fro with something like sorrow upon their dark brows. And in their midst his manly form—but his cheek how deathly, his eyes wild with the fitful fire of fever. One friend stands beside him—nay, I should say, kneels! for see, he is pillowing that poor head upon his breast.

"Genius in ruins—Oh, the high, holy looking brow! why should death mark it, and he so young? Look how he throws back the damp curls! see him clasp his hands! hear the thrilling shrieks for life! Mark how he clutches at the form of his companion, imploring heaven. O! hear him call piteously his father's name: see him twine his fingers together as he shrieks for his sister—his only sister—the twin of his soul—weeping for him in his distant native land.

"See!" she exclaimed, while the bridal party shrank back, the untasted wine trembling in their faltering grasp, and the Judge fell, overpowered on his seat; "see his arms are lifted to heaven; he prays, how wildly, for mercy! hot fever rushes through his veins. The friend beside him is weeping; awe stricken, the dark men move away, and leave the living and the dying together."

There was a hush in the principal parlor, broken by what seemed only a smothered sob from some manly bosom. The bride stood yet upright

with quivering lip, and tears stealing to the outward edge of her eye-lashes. Her beautiful arm had lost its tension, and the glass, with its troubled red waves, came slowly toward the range of her vision. She spoke again—every lip was mute. Her voice was low; faint yet distinct; she fixed her sorrowful glance upon the wine-cup:

"It is evening now; the great, white moon is coming up, and her beams lay gently on his forehead. He moves not; his eyes are set in their sockets; dim their piercing glances; his friend's whisper the name of father and sister; death is there. Death—and no soft hand, no gentle voice to bless and soothe him. His head sinks back! one convulsive shudder—he is dead."

A groan ran through the assembly, so vivid was her description, so unearthly her looks, so inspired her manner, that what she described seemed actually to have taken place then and there. They noticed, also, that the bridegroom hid his face in his hands, and was weeping.

"Dead!" she replied again, her lips quivering faster, and her voice more broken, "and there they scoop him a grave, and there, without a shroud, they lay him down in that damp, reeking earth—the only son of a proud father, the idolized brother of a fond sister. And he sleeps to-day in that distant country, with no stone to mark the spot. There he lies—my father's son—my own twin brother! a victim to this deadly poison. Father," she exclaimed, turning suddenly, while the tears rained down her beautiful cheeks, "father, shall I drink it now?"

The form of the old Judge was convulsed with agony. He raised not his head, but in a smothered voice he faltered—"No, no, my child, in God's name, no more."

She lifted the glittering goblet, and letting it suddenly fall to the floor, it was dashed in a thousand pieces. Many a tearful eye watched her movements, and instantaneously every wine-glass was transferred to the marble table on which it had been prepared. When she looked at the fragments of crystal, she turned to the company, saying, "let no friend hereafter, who loves me, tempt me to peril my soul for wine. Not firmer are the everlasting hills than my resolve, God helping me, never to taste or touch that terrible poison. And he to whom I have given my hand—who watched over my brother's dying form in that last, solemn hour, and buried the dear wanderer there by the river in the land of gold—will, I trust, too, sustain me in that resolve. Will you not, my husband?"

His glistening eyes, his sad, sweet smile, was her answer. The Judge left the room, and when, an hour after, he returned, and with a more subdued manner took part in the entertainment of the bridal guests, no one could fail to read that he, too, had determined to banish the enemy at once and forever from his princely home.

RUM'S DOINGS.—A Correspondent writes from Troy that, a few nights since, two men drank upon a wager at a rum-hole in Congress st. in that city. One of them cheated by throwing the liquor under the table or over his shoulder; the other drank 37 glasses, and died in consequence. The landlord furnished a carriage for the mother and friends of the deceased, and gave \$25 toward the funeral expenses. He seems to have exhibited some little conscience—after it was too late.—*Tribune.*

The only fountain in the wilderness of life, where man drinks of water totally unmingled with bitterness, is that which gushes for him in the calm and shady recess of domestic life.

Written for the Garland.

MEMORY.

BY FLORA.

Man, e'er he had received the blessing of memory, one summer day wandered forth and seated himself in the shade of a delightful arbor; and as Hope whispered of bright things in the future, he longed to know the past.

He knelt and prayed God to bestow that blessing upon mortals; and even whilst he knelt, there appeared unto him an angel, who thus spoke: "Degraded man, wilt thou be willing, in order to live through all the joy and happiness of thy past life, to suffer again the same sorrows, and commit the crimes that were forgotten as soon as committed."

Man gladly consented, and Memory came and dwelt in one of the many mansions of his brain. He sent her on her journey. She wandered through all the paths of the past; and returning, brought to his delighted imagination the images of the flowers that had decked the walks of his childhood.

Again at evening he knelt at his beloved mother's feet, and raised his innocent voice in supplication to God to protect him, as he lay in slumber's sweet embrace. He saw a deep, blue-eyed boy chasing a bright-winged butterfly, and, as the summer's soft breath blew back the golden locks from off his noble brow, Memory whispered, "That is thy image."

But, alas! there is no rose without a thorn; and Memory, true to herself, caused him to suffer again all the sorrows of the past.

Again he saw his mother's pale and emaciated form, as she lay upon her bed of sickness, pain and death; again he heard her feeble voice, as in her last breath she blessed him; again he saw her shrouded corpse as it was laid in her coffin, and borne to the church-yard, where it was covered forever from his fond gaze.

Again, in a fit of anger he challenged his brother. They fought. His brother fell, and his cold, stiff form was laid beside that of his mother. Man, in despair, called Memory back; but often through the remainder of his life, did "the still, small voice" whisper, "Thy brother's blood is upon thee." Years passed, and man lay upon his death-bed, with weeping friends around him. He exclaimed, in the agony of his soul, "O, could I live my life over, how different it would be." His spirit soon after stood before the judgment-bar of God; but Memory revisited earth, and carried the prisoner back to the days of his childhood, when his soul was spotless, but now black with horrible crimes. And he cursed the day that Memory was given to mortals.

But Memory is not a curse to all. To the wifeless, childless pauper, her enchanting voice sounds like sweet melody, telling of the time when he was rich and surrounded by a beautiful wife and happy, blooming children. And to the drunkard's wife Memory recalls the time when he, whose only bed is the gutter, was a noble, daring youth, and as she stood meekly by his side, and was united to him by the holy tie of marriage, she was proud of the envy she excited among her fair companions; and when he gazed with a father's pride upon his first born, his darling boy, a thrill of joy filled her grateful breast.

As the missionary in a far distant land, wanders forth at evening, to see the goodness of God, displayed in the bright gems that deck the sky, Memory, gliding noiselessly over the Autumn leaves of the forest, holds the magic glass before his wondering eyes; and he gazes into it, and sees the familiar face of many a dear friend he has left in his native land; his heart

is cheered, and his spirit strengthened and nerved for more energetic and self-denying labors.

For the happy Christian, who is fast approaching his grave, where he will lay down his burden of sorrow, Memory gathers the little buds and leaves that drop from the garlands of Love, Peace, Penitence and Charity, and reserves them for his leisure hours, when he will twine them into a wreath, with which to crown his hoary locks.

HUGHES HIGH SCHOOL.

Dying Words of Noted Persons.

"A death-bed's a detector of the heart. Here tried dissimulation drops her mask. Through life's grimace that mistress of the scene; Here real and apparent are the same."

'Head of the Army.'—Napoleon.

'I must sleep now.'—Byron.

'It matters little how the head lieth.'

—Sir Walter Raleigh.

'Kiss me, Hardy.'—Lord Nelson.

'Don't give up the ship.'—Law-

rence.

'I'm shot if I don't believe I'm dy-

ing.'—Chancellor Thurlow.

'Is this your fidelity?'—Nero.

'Clasp my hand, my dear friend;

I die.'—Alfieri.

'Give Dayroles a chair.'—Lord

Chesterfield.

'God preserve the Emperor.'—Hay-

den.

'The artery ceases to beat.'—Haller.

'Let the light enter.'—Goeth.

'All my possessions for a moment

of time.'—Queen Elizabeth.

'What! is there no bribing death.'

—Cardinal Beaufort.

'I have loved God, my father and

liberty.'—Madame de Stael.

'Be serious.'—Grotius.

'Into thy hands, O Lord.'—Tasso.

'It is small, very small, indeed,'

(clasping her neck.)—Anne Boleyn.

'I pray you, see me safe up, and as

for my coming down, let me shift for

myself.' (ascending the scaffold.)—Sir

Thomas More.

'Don't let that awkward squad fire

over my grave.'—Robert Burns.

'I feel as if I were myself again.'—

Sir Walter Scott.

'I resign my soul to God, and my

daughter to my country.'—Jefferson.

'It is well.'—Washington.

'Independence forever.'—Adams.

'It is the last of earth. I am con-

tent.'—Q. Adams.

'I wish you to understand the true

principles of the government. I wish

them carried out. I ask no more.'—

Harrison.

'I have endeavored to do my duty.'

—Taylor.

CHILDREN, BE KIND TO EACH OTHER.

There is nothing that reproaches one so bitterly as an unkind word in a moment of passion. When your little sister lies cold in death, the little causes of displeasure which you have given her will cluster around your heart and wring many a bitter tear. In your journey through life, there will be nothing so grateful to your thoughts as the pleasing conviction of your obedience to parents while they lived. Oh! obey them, little friends; while they are with you, think that you can never do enough for them. We have been an orphan for nearly twelve years, and we have often thought that if our parents could once more be restored to us they would never again be pained with our faults. Oh, trifle not with a mother's heart; there is a stream of affection within a mother's breast, that however ill you use her, however often you may cause her bitter tears to flow, will ever continue to flourish and protect the wayward fancy, and recall every wish to step aside from a mother's influence.

Conscience is the best friend we have; with it we may bid defiance to man; without it all the friends in the world can be of no use to us.